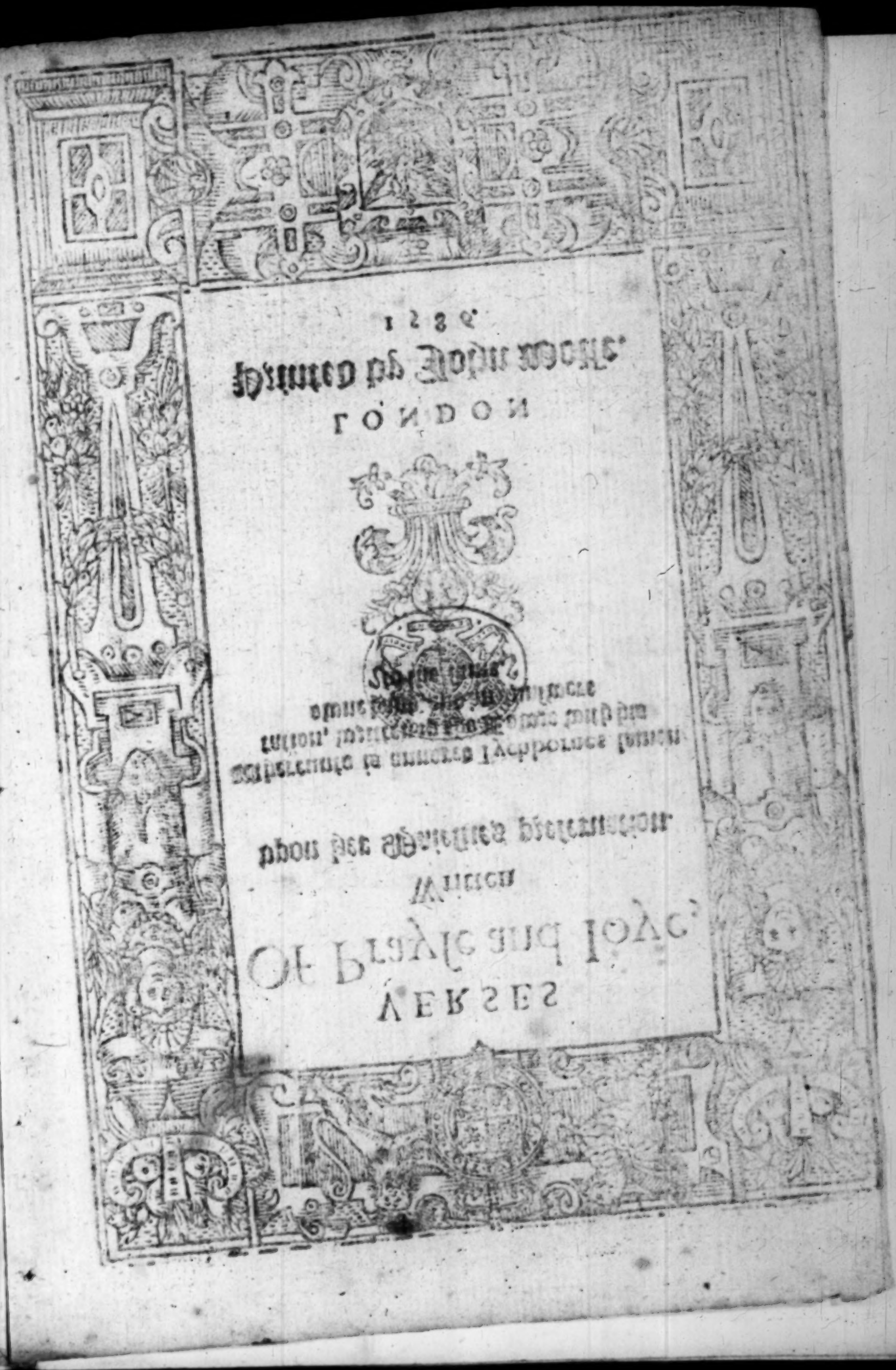
VERSES
Of Prayſe and Ioye,
Written
vpon her Maieſties preſeruation.

Whereunto is annexed Tychbornes lamentation, written in the Towre with his owne hand, and an aunſwere to the ſame.

LONDON
Printed by Iohn Wolfe.
1586.



VERSES OF PRAISE, AND IOY,

Written vpon her Maiestie, after the apprehension and
execution of Babington, Tychborne,
Salisburie, & the rest.

MOngst spyny cares sprong vp now at the last,
sprowt higher then the hautiest of their heads:
That with thy Roselike Royal peace (O Prince)
all other princes thou must ouer-peere.
Thee and thy Realme oppresst it happ'ly pleasd
our highest God in safety to preserue.
For this, thy people publikely applaude,
and euery where aboundeth godly loue.
Good fortune and an euerlasting fame
attend on thee in all thine actions.
This makes thy friends, this makes thy foes admire,
and daily hold thy name in reuerence.
Honour'd art, Princely behauiour, zeale to good,
and with thee rest a Royall maiestie.
These foure faire gifts (O Prince, of right renound)
thy Princely minde most Princely Entertaignes.
Liue Soueraigne Ladie, Liue Elizabeth
health of thy Countrey, helpe to all our harmes.
Seeld seen, thou Reign'st a maiden & a Queene,
Long maist thou liue, and heauen be thy home.

Tychbornes Elegie, writen with his owne hand in the Tower before his execution.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
my feast of ioy is but a dish of paine:
My Crop of corne is but a field of tares,
and al my good is but vaine hope of gaine
The day is past, and yet I saw no sunne,
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,
my fruite is falne, & yet my leaues are greene:
My youth is spent, and yet I am not old,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seene.
My thred is cut, and yet it is not spunne,
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my Wombe,
I lookt for life, and saw it was a shade:
I trod the earth, and knew it was my Tombe,
and now I die, and now I was but made.
My glasse is full, and now my glasse is runne,
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

Hendecasyllabon T. K. in Cygneam Cantionem *Chidrochi Tychborne.*

Thy prime of youth is frozen with thy faults,
thy feast of ioy is finisht with thy fall:
Thy crop of corne is tares auailing naughts,
thy good God knowes, thy hope, thy hap and all
Short were thy daies, and shadowed was thy sun
T'obscure thy light vnluckelie begun.

Time trieth trueth, & trueth hath treason tript,
thy faith bare fruit as thou hadst faithles beene:
Thy ill spent youth (thine after yeares hath nipt,
and God that saw thee hath preserude our Queene
Her thred still holds, thine perisht though vnspun,
And she shall liue when traitors liues are done.

Thou soughtst thy death, and found it in desert,
thou look'dst for life, yet lewdlie fore'd it fade:
Thou trodst the earth, and now on earth thou art,
as men may wish thou neuer hadst beene made.
Thy glorie and thy glasse are timeles runne,
And this, O Tychborne, hath thy treason done.

In nefariam Babingtoni cæterorumque coniurationem, Hexasticon.

Quid non Papa ruens spondet, modò iussa capessas?
en diadema tibi, sceptráque, pactus Hymen.
Dissimilem votis mercedem nacta, sed ausis
& sceleri retulit turba nefanda parem.
Successere rogi regno, coruique coronæ,
pro sceptro laqueus, pro thalamo tumulus.

The same in englishe.

The Pope to prop his ruinous state,
doth golden proffers make:
Crowne, scepter, roiall marriage bed,
to those his part that take.
The traytrous crew late reapt reward,
not fitting their desire:
But as their purpose bloody was,
so shamefull was their hire.
For Chaire of state, a stage of shame,
and crowes for crownes they haue:
Their scepter to a halter changde,
their bed become their graue.

Ad

Ad Sereniſsimam Reginam Elizabetham, Apoſtrophe.

Regna, viue, vale, mundi, patria, atque tuorum,
ſplendida, ſola, vigens, gloria, vita, ſalus.
In te ſperamus, per te ſpiramus ouantes:
det ſpirare tibi ſæcula multa Deus.
Pro te dulce mori, niſi pro te viuere durum:
at ſine te mors eſt viuere, vita mori.

The ſame in engliſhe.

Raigne, liue, and bliſſfull dayes enioy,
thou ſhining lampe of th'earth:
The only life of countries ſtate,
thy ſubiects health and mirth.
On thee we ground our hope, through thee
we draw our breath with ioy:
God graunt thee long amongſt vs breathe,
God ſhield thee from annoy.
To die for thee were ſweete, to liue
were wretched but for thee.
Without thee, death a ſecond life,
life double death ſhould be.